

Chapter: 1

Part: 1

First Visions of Emotions

The PEOPLE, SCHOOL, EVERYONE, and EVERYTHING is so FAKE! I screamed, at the top of my voice, unlike ever before in my young life, being the sweet shy girl that I am. Besides always too timid to have a voice.

With my thoughts racing ridiculously- I feel that it is all just another way for the SOCIETY to make me feel inferior. Because they think, they are so SUPERIOR to me, and who I am to them. Every day of my life, I have felt like I have been drowning in a pool, with weights attached to my ankles.

Of course, there is no way for me to escape the chains that are holding me down. The one and only person, that holds the key to my freedom: WILL NEVER LET ME GO! I live in this small dull town for too damn long. It is an UNSYMPATHETIC, obscure, lonely, totally depressed and depressing place. All these streets surrounding me are covered with filth. My old town was completely left behind when the city made the transformations to the main roads; just to save five minutes of driving, through this country town. Now my town sits on the one side of that highway.

Like a dead carcass to the rest of the world, which rushes by. What is glum about this is that it is a historic miniature town, with some good old landmarks. However, the others I see downright neglect what is here, just like me, it seems. Other than me, no one cares. Yet I care about all the little things. I am so attached to all these trivial things as if they are a part of me. It saddens me to see anything go away from me. It's a place where the garbage bags blow across the road, like the tumble-wheats of the past. Where if you do not look where you are going, you will absolutely, fall in our trip, in one of the many potholes or heaved up bumps in the pavement.

That is one perfect way of explaining the appearance of this ghost town. There are still some reminders of the glory days when you look around. Like: The town clock that is faded black that has chipped enamel; it seems that it is always missing a few light bulbs. The timepiece only has time pointing hands on the one side, and it never shows the right time of day anymore.

The same can be said for the neon signs on the mom and pop shops, which flicker at night as if they're in PAIN. Why?

Because of negligence! I get the feeling most of the time, as they must do when looking around here at night. The street lamps do not all work, as they should the glass in them are cracked.

The parking meters are always jammed, or just completely broken off their posts altogether. The same can be said, for the town sign that titles this land. It is not even here anymore.

The town is nameless, but the post is all that is left behind. Yet, I call this town- 'The Land of Many Steeples.' Just look around from a high place, you'll see why.

The red brick roads have been covered over, along with the tram tracks underneath. Covered over with lumpy tar patches. I think it stripped away the beauty of the town. Don't you think? I mean just look at the plywood that is covering over the windows of: 'The Bayard Hotel.' It seems like every other building

is falling down around me, and made into a parking lot. No one cares, that it is happening. Yes, falling apart just like me!

Yeah- 'No postcard envy- about this place!'

Sometimes, I walk along the railroad tracks. Which goes throughout this land, which truly has been forgotten about. Back to my home The Dwelling of Lost and Lonely Dreams, also called the homestead. This is one of the places that consume my every moment of every day when I not sitting in the hellhole- alias school. Yes, that is what I call the school, the hellhole! Here in this rural town, I sometimes do not think there is intelligent life. Why do I think this?

Will because the only thoughts that go on in their minds are who is going out with whom?

My age group, it seems all they want to know, is if they are dating, faking, or taken. As well as if, they are gay, straight or who their making. I like to say, that this sweet old town has become more like a habitation over time. Now it is a place 'where the dresses go up, the pants go down, and everything goes in the HOLE.'

You know what I mean. It is an inhabitant; everyone knows your name. However, they all do not even care you exist in life at all. Its occupant's main concerns in their existence of life are the status updates, they are getting from everyone they think they know, on their cell phones, laptops, and other networking connections.

All these kids have to contend one way or another. It is like the most important part of their day- surely it is. As for me, I thought I could, care less about what other people SAY, DO, and THINK. That I am my OWN person that does her own thing. 'I will not let any devices roll my life.' That this is the problem with my generation. Like they have their heads up their ASS, and they cannot see what is going on around them. (I wanted so hard to be just like them.) But they are not seeing what they need to see. 'Stop being so ignorant to what is going on all around you!' (I understand this now, I didn't them.)

Here are some things I see on weekdays in my week. These days consist of me having to ride on these disgusting yellow school buses, with their STICKY FLOORS and RIPPED UP SEATS. While having everyone, staring at me with simple smiles on his or her faces; the bus is transporting all of us to the hellhole. I have to endure this every- day, other than Saturday and Sunday. 'Really this is my existence in life?' It is all repetition constantly. Saturday- I am in my room most of the day, or working around the house helping out, what I can. Sunday, it is church, homework; shower earlier than on other days, and off to bed early.

About that time every night, that is when I put on my favorite pink nighty, which I remove when I am under my cozy bed covers and comforter. Making sure, I am with my teddy bear and naturally, I am safe from all of them at least until morning comes. When on the school bus, I sit and watch these poor innocent kids as they are harassed myself included, yes picked on constantly; as if they are reigning towers over us, we are their victims. They smash our faces into the crud covered floor until the words no longer hurt. With the higher authority doing nothing to STOP what is going on with us. Yet it is mostly me that is in the line of their rage. They the higher authority, in this case, the bus driver, she chooses to look away! Then after the fact, at school, they ask this DUMB-ASS question.

'What did you do?' Why the hell- should it matter... what we did or did not do? If there is BLOOD falling onto the floor, it really should not matter either way. Right- I think so? You know I believe, most of the time- I along with some others we do not do anything to provoke the persistent bullying, in, which we all tolerate. It is just so upsetting to me; knowing that I cannot do anything to stop what is going on. Why? Because- If I would help them or even try to help myself... then I would have to endure more things that they do. I have enough shit to deal with; I do not need anymore. I just keep silent. Furthermore- 'What can I do?' you know I have come to the realization there is nothing I can do. Since- Especially if you are a girl like me. I do not have the ranking or the power to do what most would be able to do. Do you get what I am saying- or no? I have come to believe that if you comfort others you get nothing but PAIN in return. Sadly, I have learned this one thing the hard way! Like most lessons in my life, not always by choice either.

Let me not forget to mention, if you help or try to care about someone that is way down on the shit list, then you are going down with him or her like a ship hitting an iceberg, and you know that you do not have a lifeboat or a way out, once you start going down. I am observantly at the lowest point- you see. I am so low, down on the list, that in the ranking levels of popularity, I will never get back up. It is all part of life's vicious circle of torment. That makes them feel more popular, and pleased in their life- I guess. I do try to find within everyone peace. I try- to love them for who they are, and not what they are... I do- I care about each person. I do try- but what has it gotten me... other than a broken heart.

At school, all these days- I have to sit in this hellhole! Where the only FREEDOMS I have are- the color of my socks, and the color of my fingernails. I feel like a uniformed little robot. I have to sit here, and do as they tell me to do. 'I cannot freaking- stand this!' I want to PULL my long HAIR OUT, with my fingers... while I am twirling it with my left hand. At the same time, out of anxiety biting on my fingernails on the right hand. All at the same time I am, being isolated in a 'CLOSET' that they call a classroom. I ask why. Why do I need to listen to all this mindlessness, and nonsense that WILL NOT have any purpose in my life at all! Aww-grrr!

'My God why?' Is what I say also under my breath.

Whoever said, 'Being a high school freshman, is supposed to be the greatest years of your life.' you know what- they are DEAD wrong and unwise! Being a fourteen-year-old girl, you have your ranking, your PLACE in society. For example, you have your preps, jocks, and nerds. What is so intriguing about me is that I do not seem to fit into any of these categories? I speculate that am not snobby enough to be in the preppy girl's group.

You know that- 'Shaking my ass along with pom-poms is just not my thing.' nor do they want me to be around them doing all that. Then there are these boys called Jocks they are just a grouping of boys that have no life, other than sweaty stinky sports. All they do is try to get with a different girl every night, like most in school do. 'If you know what I mean, and I think you do.' 'That is GROSS... is it not?'

I respect myself more than that, but it is getting harder to regardless. If that is what it takes to be popular, I do not want it. These types of guys just are not worthy of me I suppose. The other girls can have them all they want, and you know they do. Then lastly, nerds a sad and pathetic group of creatures that are so misunderstood. Really through no fault of their own. Most of the time, it is just the way they all are, and not what they choose to be. Just like most of us out there.

You know I am not even on that list either. As for me- and my category, I would have to say that I am in the 'Rejected classification- and misunderstood,' 'Reject!' or even 'SPED.'

However- I do not want anybody's pity. I just want their RESPECT! That is just something I cannot have been in this unwanted grouping. Being in this rejected category is not always pleasant as you can see. I have learned to adapt and overcome life's many difficulties up to now at least.

I have learned that some people can do harmful and heinous things to others, yet they prosper. Then someone like me has to SUFFER through it all. It eats at you over time: 'People are fake anger and frustration will eat at you like cancer.' Until it kills you! When I look back at everything in my past, the whole photograph comes into focus. 'I believe that revenge is not the answer, everyone gets a turn.' It is just a matter of time. They will get there's 'Those who speak lies will pay dearly for their slanderous phrasing.' Individuals who talk shit behind your back, and put on a front for others. They think they are deceiving you. Then again, you know what they have been saying.

**** End of Sample

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